

FIRST-FIT

OF THE

GOUT.

By a *PERSON of Honour.*

W

elcome *Thou* friendly Earnest of *Fourscore*;

Promise of *Health*, who hast alone the power

T'attend the *RICH*, unenvied by the *POOR*.

THOU that dost *Esculapius* deride,

And o're *his* Gally-pots in Triumph ride;

THOU that art us'd to attend the *Royal Throne*,

And underprop the *Head* that wears the *CROWN*:

THOU that dost oft in *Privy-Councils* wait,

And guard from drowsy Sleep the Eyes of *STATE*.

THOU that upon the *Bench* art mounted high,

And warnt the *JUDGES* how they tread awry;

THOU that do'st oft from pamper'd *Prelates* Toe,

Emphatically urge the *PAINS* below;

THOU

(2)

THOU that art always half the CITY's Grace,
And addst to solemn NODLE, solemn Pace:
THOU that art us'd to sit on LADY's Knee,
To feed on Jetties, and to drink cold TEA:
THOU that art ne're from Velvet-Slipper free;
Whence comes this unsought Honour unto me?
Whence does this mighty Condescension flow?
To visit my poor Tabernacle?----Oh!--

As LOVE vouchsaf'd on *Ida's* Top, 'tis said,
At poor *Philemon's* Court to take a Bed;
Pleas'd with the mean, but hospitable Feast,
Jove bad him Ask, and granted his Request.

So do THOU grant (for thout of Race-divine
Begot on *Venus*, by the GOD of WINE)
My humble Suit; and either give me STORE
To entertain THEE, or come here no more.

F I N I S.

Sold by *John Morphew*, near *Stationers-Hall* 1706. Price Two Pence.

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